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No. 347.

## A HUNDRED YEARS OF GLORY.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

From sea to sea, across the land,  
What a noise of joy and ringing,  
And all the music of understand  
The spirit of our singing.  
The palm-tree whispers to the pine  
The nation's birthday glory,  
And earth and sea and sky combine  
To tell the happy story.  
Oh! waft it, winds, across the sea,  
In mighty exultation,  
The century-flower of Liberty  
Has burst to crown the nation.

Flush out upon a thousand hills,  
Oh, banner, bright with glory!  
The voices of ten thousand rills  
Take up the exultant strain,  
To tell the story of a nation born  
Heaven's blue with their emotion,  
And echoes from the mountains send  
The tidings back to ocean.

Oh! waft it, winds, across the sea,  
In mighty exultation,  
The century-flower of Liberty  
Has burst an crowned the nation.

Thank God to-day the nation stands  
Triumphant in affliction,  
The Old World stretches kindly hands,  
And peace gives benediction.

From sea to sea, from gulf to lakes  
Repeat the exultant story—  
The morn of a new century breaks,  
A hundred years of glory.

Oh! waft it, winds, across the sea,  
In mighty exultation,

The century-flower of Liberty  
Has burst and crowned the nation.

Oh, God, who for a hundred years  
The nation's footsteps guided,  
Through smiling days and days of tears,  
Preserve it undivided.

God grant us on  
To higher fame and glory.

By pure hands sought and true hands won,  
Earth's grandest, noblest story!

Oh! waft it, winds, across the sea,  
In mighty exultation,

The century-flower of Liberty  
Has burst and crowned the nation.

**BIG GEORGE,**

## The Giant of the Gulch:

OR,  
THE FIVE OUTLAW BROTHERS.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.,  
AUTHOR OF "LITTLE VOLCANO, THE BOY MINER," "OLD BULL'S-EYE," "PACIFIC PETE," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE DEAD BEARS WITNESS.

JUST as the fugitive sunk panting to the ground at the feet of the exultant, cursing bummer—just as Gin Cocktail started back in open-mouthed amazement at the wonderful revelation his descending clutch had made apparent to more distant eyes than his own—a shrill yell of angry vengeance, mingling with a pistol-shot, filled the air, and the bummer fell headlong to the ground, tearing and biting the earth in his agony, his hot blood sprinkling over the white neck and bosom of the senseless woman—until now known only as "Soft Tommy."

Well used though they were to wild scenes and startling surprises, the crowd stood irresolute, while the person who had so signalized avenged Soft Tommy, rushed to the spot, and stooping, raised the senseless figure to his broad breast, confronting the diggers with an angry glare, as he half-raised the pistol, from the muzzle of which still curled a faint blue thread of smoke.

"Me first—you must take me first!" he cried, in a sharp, grating voice. "Fifty to one—and he a poor sick boy! That's the kind of men you are—back there!" and the young fellow leveled his weapon. "We're half white and half-brown! We're not dogs, that you—"

At that moment the revolver was dexterously knocked from his grasp, and a pair of stout arms pinioned him fast, despite his furious struggling, while a clear voice muttered in his ear:

"Don't be a fool, man! Submit quietly and I'll save you yet. Keep on with such fool play, and I wouldn't give a straw for your chance. They'll kill you—and her!"

No sooner was it plain that the bold talking stranger had been secured and disarmed, than the very men who had slunk back from the frowning muzzle of his revolver, crowded forward, brandishing knife and pistol, uttering furious yells and curses, demanding the heart's blood of the murderer.

"Stand by me, Bart Noble!" hurriedly cried Little Cassino, as he shifted his grasp and drew a weapon. Then raising his voice, as he boldly stepped before the stranger, whose arms were filled with the senseless fugitive, he cried aloud: "Soft and easy does it, boys. The day is not so old yet but we will have plenty of time to settle this affair in a decent, gentlemanly manner. Take it cool!"

"He killed a man!"

"Easy, Roaring Tom—don't be so brash. There's not one particle of evidence that Salt peter was murdered by these!"

"Luck at your feet—ain't that enough? A man shot down jest 'cause he was 'restin' arrun away from justice—"

"An' served 'im no more'n right, too—the ongally purfurious whisky-skin!" retorted Bart Noble. "What he said was one lie from A to Ampersand—"

"A foul lie it was, gentlemen," interrupted the doctor; "and the proof lies before your face?" he added, stepping aside and pointing toward the two—the fugitive and the man who had come so opportunely to the rescue.

Little Cassino had not counted without his host. The angry, snarling cries died away like



"Out, boys--quick!" hissed Big George. "If there is anybody spying 'round us, smell 'em out, and--"

magic. As if by one accord, the knives which had been brandished, the revolvers which had been cocked, were returned to their scabbards. They saw what had so surprised Gin Cocktail. Though a loving hand was striving to cover them from sight, the white-skinned neck and bosom still showed through the torn garments—too fair, too beautiful for other than a woman.

"There is your answer—a woman, God bless the name!" and Little Cassino bared his head. "A woman, weak and helpless—scarce more than a girl. And this is the murderer of Salt peter—a stout and as good a man as ever trod in shoe-leather—a man who never met his equal in fair fight, knife or pistol, tooth and toe-nail, fair fist or rough-and-tumble—yet the *mar*, as you call him, Roaring Tom—Gin Cocktail, swears that she murdered Salt peter! Why, if the angel Gabriel himself were to come down and make oath to that, no man in his seven senses could believe him. It is out of nature, gentlemen—as you must confess. And then—not satisfied with trying to swear away the life of an innocent woman, the malicious little devil must add insult to injury!"

"I don't reckon he knew who she was, Doc," said Roaring Tom, in a remarkably bold tone for a man. "She always passed for a man on boy. Then she tried to run away—"

"And why not? why shouldn't she run away, if she liked? A woman isn't a man—and I thank the Lord she isn't! Such a sight—such a terrible accusation—was enough to frighten the seventeen senses out of any woman—let alone your ugly mugs around her. I don't blame her for running—I only wonder she stood it as long as she did—"

"Thank you, sir, for your generous defense of my—my wife," said the man—one other than he who was popularly known as "Sneaky." "I don't know what all this means, but I'm ready to make good anything she has said or done—"

"Spoken like a white man—give me your paw, youngster!" cried Bart Noble. "You hear that, gentlemen? Ain't that a plenty? Kin any more be said? Let's quit all this growlin' an' snarin', an' come back to the point. I reck on a little quiet talkin' I'll settle the hull thing. How is it?"

"We don't want no more'n what's right, judge," replied Roaring Tom. "It did look kinda rough for a man to shout down a fellin' critter as wasn't thinkin', 'ithout givin' him a chance to 'fend himself; but it's as he sais—if she is his wife, why, I don't see how any body kin blame him for cuttin' up rusty when he sees another man grappin' her so rough like as Gin Cocktail was. An' bein' as she is a woman, why—how is it, boys? I fer one vote know guilty—that that ain't no manner of proof aginst her—an' that Gin Cocktail only got what he deserved fer tellin' sech' ongentlemanly, double-an'-twisted lie about a innocent woman-critter—amen!"

"Talk's cheap, Roaring Tom," doggedly insisted Woodpecker. "Talk's cheap, but 'twon't bring Salt peter back to life, nur it won't keep my word o' reyence. Gin Cocktail ain't all a fool. Taint likely he'd say so much if he didn't hev somethin' to back it up. Ef them two is innocent, it's no more'n right they should prove it. Let 'em tell the judge whar they was last night, an' what they was doin'."

"You hain't no ob-jection to that?" asked Noble, turning to Sneaky, who was soothin' the now conscious woman as best he could.

"I was on my own business; what that was, matters nothing to you or them," was the sharp reply.

"That's more ways then one to open a critter's jaws as kin speak an' won't," growled a beetie-browed digger.

"Now don't go to bitin' your own nose off, friend," added Noble, lowering his voice. "The boys is worked up mighty high, an' twouldn't take much more to set 'em a b'ilin' over—then look out fer scalped shins! Take a fool's advice, an' speak to 'em civil—for her sake, of not your own."

"That he'll do—I answer for him, gentlemen," cried Little Cassino, who had been bending over the groaning bummer. "Just be patient for a moment, and you shall know the whole truth. You, Bart, just rig up your jury again, please; back at the old place. You go with them, friend. Believe me, I am speaking for your own good; I give you my word as a man."

The young miner had by this time cooled down sufficiently to realize the good sense of this advice, and first slipping his own coat over the shoulders of his companion, he accompanied Bart Noble back to the spot where the unfortunate Salt peter still lay in his rude coffin.

Little Cassino watched them depart, with a quizzical grin upon his face, then turned to where the wounded man lay, shaking him roughly by the arm. With a hollow groan the wretch opened his eyes.

"Oh! doctor, I feel mighty bad—ain't you do somethin' for me? Cure me up an' I'll—I'll give you gold—gold tell you can't rest! Do somethin'—"

"You had better be thinking of your *latter en'*, poor fellow," replied Little Cassino, in a prematurely solemn tone, though there was a malicious twinkle in his eye as it glanced toward the bummer's "seat of honor," where the rage was besmeared with blood. "Mortal aid can avail nothing in such an extremity as yours. Make your peace—say your prayers, if you know any—confess your sins, and then die like a white man."

"I can't die—I ain't fit to die!" moaned the wretched wretch; and then he broke into a torrent of mingled curses and prayers, so horrible, so blasphemous, that the doctor turned aside with a shudder of disgust and horror.

But he had a part to play, and choking down his aversion, he returned to the charge. With no little adroitness he played upon the fears of the coward, making him believe that death was inevitable, that his very moments were numbered, and urging him to confess his sins as he hoped to escape utter damnation in the world to come.

"You will be easier, then. With all weight off your mind, you can die like a gentleman, at peace with yourself and everybody else," added the doctor.

"I will—I'll do it," gasped Gin Cocktail.

"Call 'em, quick! I feel I'm goin'—goin' fast!" and he burst into another fit of raving.

Little Cassino lost no time, but summoned the party, bidding judge and jury open their ears to the dying man's confession. Firmly believing that he was at death's door, Gin Cocktail acknowledged that his evidence was all false—that he knew nothing against the prisoners, making a clean breast and offering to swear that he was now speaking the truth.

"That'll do," said Little Cassino, unable to longer conceal his disgust. "Get up, you pitiful coward! The bullet only grazed your haunches—a pity it didn't go deeper! Gentle men, form a line—and here's a compliment to start with!"

Lifting the bewildered bummer to his feet, the doctor faced him toward the double line, then drew back his foot and saluted the bummer.

men's scored parts with a vigorous kick that sent him fairly within the gauntlet. Tossed from hand to hand, from boot to boot, Gin Cocktail was hurtled along the lines with greater speed than ceremony, finally sinking down upon the sand, a bruised and bleeding mass of wretchedness, the contemptuous yells and laughter of the heavy-booted diggers ringing in his mortified ears.

Woodpecker alone took no share in the sport—or punishment—neither by laugh nor deed, and when it was over, he slowly and heavily shuffled back to where his "pard" lay. For a moment he stood beside the coffin as if petrified; then an angry yell drew the attention of all save that of the groaning bummer toward him. They saw him stoop and pick up something from the dead man's breast—something that shone and glittered in the sunlight, and bearing a square bit of something white upon its shaft.

The crowd rushed eagerly forward. In silence Woodpecker extended his hand to Little Cassino. He held a short, slender dagger, which he had plucked from the dead man's bosom. Upon the polished blade was a bit of paper, bearing large, plain characters, which in a low, wondering voice, the doctor read aloud.

"NUMBER 4! IN MEMORY OF JOAQUIN MURIETA!"

Such were the words—terribly significant to all who were conversant with that tragedy; such was the evidence borne by the dead!

## CHAPTER VIII.

A ROMANCE IN DISGUISE.

In awe-stricken silence the crowd received the words. Only their eyes roved swiftly around, filled with doubt, suspicion—even superstition. Scarce five minutes had elapsed since they were all gathered around the coffin, since Woodpecker had left the side of his murdered friend to hearken to the confession of Gin Cocktail; the paper was not there then. Though no person had been keeping particular watch, it would have been little short of impossible for anybody to have paused near the corpse during that period, unless there could be but one solution; the messenger must have watched his chance and drove the dagger home as the crowd was hastening to obey the summons of Little Cassino. Granting this, he must still be among them—but who? With a wolfish glare, Woodpecker's eyes roved over every face, but even the instinct of deadly hatred and burning vengeance failed to read more than doubt, wonder and fear.

But then the oppressive silence was broken by a husky voice from the crowd, gasping, unsteadily:

"Let me out—I want air—I'm chokin'—and a man staggered out from the press, reelin' like a drunken man."

More closely than ever did Woodpecker resemble a wolf, as with bared knife, he sidled, crouching, toward the miner. But a quick eye read his suspicions and a stout hand closed upon his arm like a vice, as Bart Noble muttered in his ear:

"Easy, pard—don't go off at haf-cock!

That ain't your game—don't you see? it's Hammer Tom—one o' Harry Love's boys—

that message has made him sick, an' I don't wonder, neither!"

"Somebody done it—somebody who's in this crowd now! Ef I only known who!" panted Woodpecker, licking his parched lips as the long knife quivered in his grasp, and his bloodshot eyes roved over the crowd. "Jest fer

one little minnit—that's all I'd ax. I'd be ready to go them—I'd sell my soul to the devil fer jest one minnit! It's monstrous hard to know he's right under my grip—a-hearin' my voice this minnit, an' yit not know whar to strike. It makes a feller feel like they wasn't no God!"

"Come," muttered Little Cassino, touching Sneaky upon the shoulder. "There is nothing more to keep us here, and it isn't a pleasant sight. And your—the lady looks ill."

"One moment," and the young miner raised his voice. "Gentlemen, you must be satisfied now that we—I and my wife—had no hand in this affair. Still, if there are any more questions to ask, you will find me at my cabin yonder. Come, Josie—have courage—the blind fools see their mistake now."

"I trust you do not include me in that category," half laughed Little Cassino.

"No indeed! only for you, I— But I cannot tell you now, all I would like. Some other time—when I can look calmly back on what she—"

"If it's all the same to you, we'll drop that, right here. If there's one thing I detest more than another, it is undeserved thanks. But come—I will see you safe to your shanty. I give you warning, friend, that you are likely to find me something of a bore. Though I believe this is the first time we have met, I've heard of you—so much that it will not be my fault if we don't become good friends. Besides—if you won't think me *too* inquisitive—there are some questions I would like to ask you—"

"Anything I can do for you, believe me, I will, only too gladly," was the earnest response.

There were few more words spoken, as the trio pressed on toward the little cabin at the mouth of the gulch. The woman, though still pale and trembling, seemed to gather fresh strength and courage as they left the rough gathering behind them, and Little Cassino caught himself stealing more than one interest glace toward the being who had so long passed among the miners for a boy—Soft Tommy. He could see—despite the sun-embrowned skin, the rude, ill-fitting garments, the short hair—that, in a more becoming garb, she would be good-looking, if not positively handsome. Her features were delicate, almost classical. These, with the timid air, the gentle, almost deprecating manner in which she habitually moved about, had given her the *schouette*, Soft Tommy.

Little Cassino found the interior of the cabin, though small and poorly furnished, neat as a new pin, and—a new sensation to him—he paused at the threshold, glancing ruefully down at his hands and clothes, still bearing strong marks of his recent surgical efforts. Sneaky divined his thoughts, and spoke to Josie, as he picked up an iron kettle.

"We will go to the spring for a wash, little one. Meantime, if you feel able, you can put out some grub—anything cold will do. I haven't eaten since yesterday noon."

Refreshed by their rude bath, the two men sat down beneath the bushy oak beside the bubbling spring. They both seemed troubled, and for some minutes remained in silence. The young miner was first to speak.

"I'll do it!" he cried, impulsively, striking his clenched hand against the soft turf. "You're a stranger to me, but there's something tells me I can trust you—and I will, too!"

"I'll go with you," said Sneaky. "I'll be back in a minute, Josie; I'm only going a few steps."

"I only wish I could say the same," laughed the doctor, "for I've been so busy talking I'm hungry yet! But business before pleasure; and I hope to see you again ere long, Miss—"

"Just like me!" laughed the young miner. "It's been so long since I've heard it, that I have nearly forgot we have a name. Kendall is our name—but are you—Josie, girl—a glass of water! quick!" he cried, as the doctor started back, deathly pale, a strange light in his widely dilated eyes.

"No—it's over now," faintly replied Farmer, pressing a hand to his side. "An old story—my heart troubles me, sometimes, but it don't last long. Good morning—I won't take you away—some other time—"

Turning, he strode rapidly away, followed by the wondering gaze of brother and sister. His face was working strangely, and he repeatedly fingered his throat as though choking, and had to pause for a few minutes before entering the town, in order to smother his strong emotion. The struggle left his face white and haggard, but this was the only trace of the conflict left as he bent over the wounded miner, who lay senseless in a corner of the saloon. His hand was as steady as ever when binding up the ghastly wound, and his voice calm enough as he assured the eager inquirer that he was in earnest—there mustn't be no foolin'! But you understand all that?"

"I'll do it if you say so, George," was the reply, slowly uttered. "But I don't know how she'll take it. You know how she cut up about that Lawton girl. And then—she's down on me since I spoke out. She said 'twas an insult to him for any man to even think of love in connection with her until his memory—"

Big George uttered a warning hiss and raised one hand, a hot fire leaping into his eyes, but the warning was not needed. They all had heard the same—a momentary noise, coming from some point near, though neither of them could exactly place it.

"Out, boys—quick!" hissed Big George. "If there's any body spying 'round us, smell 'em out, and—"

Opening the door, the three brothers sprung out and ran quickly around the cabin. But no living person was discovered, save a little crowd far down the street toward his little office, like a man in a dream. The deep, booming voice of Little Pepper awakened him, however. The dwarf at that moment returned from his journey, on foot. His horse had fallen dead, two miles away.

"Yer's the stuff—I got it!" he panted. "I ain't too late! He ain't—don't say he's—he's dead!"

"Dead nothin'" growled Red Pepper, who flung open the office door. "You pesky little straddle-bug—whar you bin? An' wa-a-lookin' high an' low for ye—a-searchin' every rat-hole in the kentry for ye! I've a mind—"

Little Pepper made no reply, but darted between the legs of the colossus, stumbling over the prostrate figure of Black Pepper, then, unheeding that worthy's groans and curses, flung his arms around Big George, laughing and crying in the same breath, as the wounded giant called him by name.

The doctor entered and examined the bandages of his two patients—for Black Pepper had received an ugly knife wound in the free fight at the dance-hall—but it was only mechanical. He acted like a man under the influence of some stupefying drug.

"Don't smother a feller, little un," grunted Big George. "You act like a crazy bedbug! I'm all right—a little weak, like; but since Doc put out that cursed fire in my inards, I feel fit to rattle a grizzly blind!"

He told me you'd die less I got some stuff from Celestial City—yer it is. I killed a hoss gittin' it."

"He would have died if you had stayed with him. I sent you off to get you out of the way, so I could doctor him—"

"Shut up, little un!" growled Big George. "Doc knows what he's doin'. You mean well, but you can't control—"

"Thar comes Pepper-pot!" cried Red Pepper, with a quick glance toward the doctor.

"You won't take it amiss, Doc, if I ax a favor of you?" said Big George. "It don't look right to drive a feller out of his own house, but whatever trouble we put you to, 'll be made up with good gold. Ef I could crawl, I wouldn't ax it; but since I can't, an' we want to hev a little powwow together, would you mind lettin' me alone for a now-or-so?"

For answer Little Cassino left the office, passing down the street, watched by Red Pepper until he disappeared among the buildings. Then the door was closed, the window-shutter fastened, and the brothers drew close together.

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### THE PEPPERS IN COUNCIL.

"Give us a pull at your flask, Jack," said Big George, addressing Red Pepper, as that worthy returned from securing the wooden shutter of the one window. "Doc gave me a dose of something worse than melted lead, and I feel as though I'd had a lime-kin burnin' inside of me for a coon's age! Thar—now chuck something behind me—those blankets; so—that's more like it."

"Is Doc on the square, George? Pears to me you're pulled turrily for sech a pin scratch. They ain't no bones broke, an' I've known you to laugh at a heap wuss lookin'—"

"Twas the bleedin', I reckon. He hain't got no cause to play double on me—that he knows on, anyhow. You kin see that he's done up my wound in tip-top style. He wouldn't 'a' did that if he was playin' crooked. He had it right in his own hands. Ef he meant mischief, he could 'a' putt a bit o' doctor's stuf in the hole—planned it, you know—an' nobody'd be any the wiser. Not that, anyway—tuck mighty good keef of that! Mebbe you're sorry he didn't take his chance; then you would hev the hull thing to workin' fer."

"You kin trust me," impatiently replied Pepper-pot. "What's the use in talkin' so much when I know it all a ready?"

"Dick's in a monstrous hurry to hev the talk over so he kin git back to his sweetness, grinnin' Black Pepper.

"At any rate I won't make such an accursed fool of myself over her as you did with—"

"Drop that, Dick!" sharply cried Big George. "Let by-gones be by-gones. As for you, Jack and Eph, your work comes next. I've planned it all out as I lay here, and if you'll only keep your temper and let whisky alone, the job will be an easy one. I only wish I could do it myself, but that cussed whelp! he has settled that—"

"I'll settle him, ef you jest say the word!" chimed in the deep tones of the dwarf. "He shan't hev it to brag over you long. I'll rub him out quicker'n—"

"No you'll not, little un," quickly interposed Big George. "He's my meat—and the man who steps up to bed better—he more lives then a cat or he'll lose 'em all. This is fer you, too, Jack. You mustn't git into no fuss with him, nur tetch him unless it's to save your own life. You must promise me that," and he waited for the sullen assent of the red-haired giant.

"Thank you, lad; I'll make it up to you sometime. Now for *your* part of the work. That'll come to-morrow night, since you say there'll be no show to-night. You an' Eph will be thar. Take a box, an' keep yourselves quiet an' close though you war mice. You'll watch your chaise an' git her to come up to your box—"

"But how? She ain't one o' that sort, as you'd orter know," significantly uttered Red Pepper, grinning.

"She'll come—I'll settle that," impatiently.

"I'll give you a note. You'll send it down by one o' the waiters. But mind—don't give it to him when he kin see Eph. She'll ax some questions, an' she hearn o' him, she'll sent trouble, right away. You give it to him, as I say. Tell him it's portant business; that you're in a hurry. She'll come, never fear."

Sam and I are laid up for a time. You are agreed, boys?"

The three brothers, Red, Little, and Pepper-pot, nodded.

"Good enough," chuckled Big George, this ready acquiescence completely restoring his humor. "I reckon we'll hev the laugh on our side yet, even if the cusses hev got two on us flat on our backs. Now for business. You, Dick, will start in the mornin' for the Den. See her—Clarry, you know; tell her it's likely she'll hev visitors soon. They won't trouble her much. Only, one will likely be a girl, and she kin manidge matters better than Black Dime. You kin tell her enough to let her see that I'm in earnest—there mustn't be no foolin'! But you understand all that?"

"I'll do it if you say so, George," was the reply, slowly uttered. "But I don't know how she'll take it. You know how she cut up about that Lawton girl. And then—she's down on me since I spoke out. She said 'twas an insult to him for any man to even think of love in connection with her until his memory—"

Big George uttered a warning hiss and raised one hand, a hot fire leaping into his eyes, but the warning was not needed. They all had heard the same—a momentary noise, coming from some point near, though neither of them could exactly place it.

"Out, boys—quick!" hissed Big George. "If there's any body spying 'round us, smell 'em out, and—"

"I'll send you word in time, then."

The conversation was continued for an hour or more, but nothing further was divulged that requires a place in these pages. Through it all Little Cassino listened, and though no names were mentioned he understood the plot perfectly, and inwardly resolved to frustrate it, if possible.

Then he heard a heavy foot cross the floor and fling open the door. An instant later came a sharp report, mingled with a wild, hoarse yell. Then came a dull, heavy fall upon the floor, shaking the shanty in every timber.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 345.)

"Won't she make a fuss when she sees who sent for her?"

"You mustn't give her a chaise. Hey the curtains down. Stan' close to the door an' grab her as she comes in. Don't let her give a squeal, but mind you treat her as easy as you kin. I don't want her hurt. When you've got her safe, jest minifie her up well an' carry her down stairs. Ef you meet anybody, jest tell 'em she's fainted, drunk, anythin'. Once outside, you'll make for the hills. Eph'll come for the critters, an' I'll meet you wherever you say. You'll strike straight for the Den. That you'll put her in Clarry's han's, an' come back here. By that time I'll be fit for the saddle."

"Ef they should find out we did it—"

"I'll send you word in time, then."

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(To be continued—commenced in No. 345.)

#### A MESSAGE.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Oh, gentle wind! bear thou for me

To a message o'er the swelling sea,

To one I love most tenderly!

Take from the music of the wave,

From the echo of the cave,

From the shells the waters leave,

Voice, my message to impart,

That it falls upon her heart,

In love's soft entrancing art;

Whisper to her when alone,

In thy gentlest undertone,

Of him who from her is gone;

Tell her how the moments glide,

Slow and weary, since denied

To be lingered by her side—

How each thought a yearning brings

Of all fond familiar things,

Backward borne on my ry's wings—

How he misses her dear face,

Blessed with every tender grace;

How long for one fond gaze!

Tell her that he longs daily

For her sweet, enchanting songs—

For the love her bosom song.

Bear this, oh, thou gentle wind!

In a manner soft and kind,

To the love he left behind;

Listen to each word she says;

In her modest, maiden ways;

She in love for him betrays;

Catch the sparkle of her eye,

Kiss her warm cheek's rosy dye;

For her forget her furtive sigh!

Bring an answer back to me,

O'er the water and the lea,

From her I love so tenderly.

The recitation over, the school was dismissed for recess, and the teacher sat herself down to entertain her visitor. By this time Fred had completely recovered his wonted assurance, and had made up his mind that if he was to succeed in his purpose the best way to do it was by a bold stroke. He evidently had a well-bred, sensible girl to deal with. He would put the matter before her at once just as it was, and appeal to her common sense. He flattered himself that aside from the money, he was not destitute of personal attractions. Miss White knew who he wa', that his family was an old one, and himself presumably a gentleman. Altogether he still had little doubt of his success. So he began at once.

"Miss White," he asked, by way of opening the subject, glancing at the clock which now stood at half-past three, "is that supposed to be legal time?"

"It is, according to the law of this school-room. But I don't know just what legal time is."

"You have lived here in Steepbrook quite a while, have you not?"

"Yes; since last fall."

"Then I think you must have heard about my uncle's will?"

"Yes."

"And you know that in order to inherit I must marry within a year after his death."

"I have heard so."

"The will will end at five o'clock to-night."

Fred said this in italics, but it did not seem to impress her much. She only answered:

"Indeed!"

"Yes," he went on, "and I did not know of his death until yesterday at three."

"It is possible?"

"And I am yet unmarried."

"Ah!" very indifferently, as though the fact was not of the slightest interest to Miss White.

"Confound her!" Is she putting all on me?" thinks Fred. "And doesn't she know what is coming?"

"And what is more," he went bravely on, "aloud, 'I haven't seen any one I thought I could marry—'

"Who is she?" inquired Fred, interested in spite of himself.

"Her name is White. She teaches the village school. Come, Fred, go down and see her, at least. We could arrange it all before five to-morrow night, if you only say the word."

"No," said Fred, contrarily, "I'll do it myself."

"It is too bad; but it can't be helped," responded Fred, apathetically.

"And I had a girl all picked out for you, went on the lawyer, regretfully. "The nicest, prettiest girl you ever set eyes on. I'll leave you to your fellow in Steepbrook."

"You kin trust me," impatiently replied Pepper-pot. "What's the use in talkin' so much when I know it all a ready?"

"Dick's in a monstrous hurry to hev the talk over so he kin git back to his sweetness, grinnin' Black Pepper.

"At any rate I won't make such an accursed fool of myself over her as you did with—"

"Drop that, Dick!" sharply cried Big George.

"Let by-gones be by-gones. As for you, Jack and Eph, your work comes next. I've planned it all out as I lay here, and if you'll only keep your temper and let whisky alone, the job will be an easy one. I only wish I could do it myself, but that cussed whelp! he has settled that—"

"It is too

"Very well; now you can remain in this room, after I leave, and in yonder closet you will find one of my cloaks and a slouch hat—carry them in some way to the prisoner, and when you hear me talking with the sentinel outside the guard-house, both of you leave and come hither; when it gets later, I will walk with you out of the inclosure, passing you by the sentinel, who will think your companion some of the officers seeing you home."

"Oh! Colonel Radcliff, how can I thank you for this kindness!"

"By keeping my part in the affair an inviolate secret; but here, give this to your husband. It is a note from the old Hermit Chief."

Ida turned a shade paler, and held forth her hand for the note, which the officer handed to her.

"Now, Miss Ida, I will leave you. Be brave, be cool, and all will go well."

With a beating heart Ida seized the hat and cloak, and concealing them under her dress, she walked quickly to the guard-house, located in an isolated portion of the stockade inclosure, and guarded by a single sentinel, who, recognizing her, permitted her to enter, for such had been the colonel's orders.

"Well, Stockton, how is your prisoner?" said Colonel Radcliff, approaching the sentinel, a few moments after the maiden had entered the small cabin.

"All right, sir."

"Stockton, what sound is that I hear in the timber?"

"I hear no sound, sir," replied the guard.

"Your ears are dull; come around here out of the wind and listen."

The sentinel at once obeyed, and after listening awhile, said:

"It's from the settlement, sir—the settlers are having a good time, I guess."

"Yes, the sound must come from the settlement. Good-night, Stockton," and Colonel Radcliff walked away, for when he came round in front of the guard-house, he beheld two forms some distance away hurrying toward his quarters.

An hour later, and Colonel Radcliff was walking moodily back from the stockade gate, while Ida and the escaped prisoner were hurrying rapidly toward the settlement.

As he reached his quarters, the relief guard approached, and in their midst was the sentinel, Stockton, his face white and scared.

"What is it, sergeant?"

"The prisoner has escaped, sir."

"Ha! when did this happen?"

"I do not know, sir. I looked in when I relieved the guard just now, and the guard-house was empty," said the sergeant.

"Why, it is not an hour since I was there—was he within then, Stockton?"

"Yes, sir, I heard him speak to the lady, whom I passed in just before you came up, sir."

"By heaven! I have it—I called Stockton from his post for a moment or two, and they doubtless took that opportunity to escape, and a short while since I passed the lady, and a person I supposed to be some escort from the settlement, out of the gate."

"Release Stockton, sergeant, for it is my fault and not his. Send Captain Ashland to me at once."

So saying, Colonel Radcliff entered his quarters, and a few moments after the young captain arrived.

"Ashland, through a blunder of mine, it seems that the prisoner, Captain Ralph, has escaped, and I wish you to take your company and go in pursuit. If you do not find him at the settlement, you had better return, for I do not wish you far away in these times."

The young officer obeyed his orders, and two hours after returned to report that Ida was at home, but that no trace of the prisoner could be found.

Colonel Radcliff appeared to be annoyed at his blunder, which had allowed his prisoner to escape; but, at heart, he rejoiced over the success of his strategy, and the able manner in which Ida had carried it out.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

##### FRIENDS TO THE FRONT.

WHEN Prairie Pilot stood before his captors, bound hand and foot, and with the hangman's noose around his neck, he at last felt that his doom had come, for he saw no possible means of escape.

Ere he expected, he was suddenly drawn bodily into the air, and all seemed dark before him; but the rope was so twisted that the slip-knot got under his chin, and still clinging to life, he pressed his chin with such force upon it, as to prevent its slipping down and choking him.

Still his strength would soon give way, and also he was strangled considerably by the pressure of the rope on the veins of his neck.

Just at this moment he heard the rattle of rifle-shots, and a few loud yells, and, a moment after, his eyes met those of Colonel Radcliff, rushing by.

Then a darkness came over him; there was a roar in his ears; his strength failed; the noose tightened around his neck, and he knew not more.

When he again opened his eyes, it was some moments before he could collect his senses, and he then saw that he lay with his feet toward a bright fire, and kneeling upon each side of him were two forms—the one a maiden, the other a man, while two more forms stood erect beside the fire.

The glassy film over his eyes soon passed away, and he first recognized Bravo Bob, who was briskly breathing his neck; then his gaze fell upon the maiden—it was Ione, the Phantom Spy!

With surprise he then turned his eyes upon the men at the fire; one was Yankee Sam, the other Scalp-lock Dave.

With a violent effort he suddenly raised himself from his recumbent position, while Bravo Bob warmly ejaculated, "Thank God!"

"Yes, and you, too, I have to thank—for you have saved my life; now I remember all," said Prairie Pilot, speaking with some difficulty, for his throat pained him severely.

"You must not talk, old fellow, yet awhile; but listen, and I will tell you all," and Bravo Bob offered the scou' a flask of liquor, from which he took a good draught, and then silently offered his hand to Sam, Dave and the maiden.

"You see," began Bravo Bob, "I ran upon a heavy trail, and tracking it up, I suddenly met with Yankee and Dave, here, who were on their way to the fort to offer for service in the Indian war."

"Of course we were all glad to meet each other, and I proposed we should follow up the trail together, which we did."

"We had not gone far before we ran upon this young lady, whom I at once recognized as the Phantom Spy, and before she could get away, I lassoed her horse, and we made her prisoner."

"Well, we rode on up the river, the trail growing fresher, and just about dark we heard a cheer, and a moment after came upon a sight that made us wild with rage.

"That sight was the best man on these prairies hanging by the neck, and a score of outlaw cutthroats dancing around him."

"We didn't stop to count noses, but let it be with our rifles and revolvers, and, hang me, if the whole party didn't make tracks."

"While the scare was upon them we dashed in, cut you down, and here you are as good as new, after a short rest."

"Yes, to you I owe my life, my friends; but there are we, Bob!"

"About five miles from the fort—in the Antelope valley."

"You have crossed the river, then, and are in the hill country?"

"Yes; we did not like to camp near your friends, the outlaws."

"A wise conclusion; but, Bob, you must do me another favor."

"Name it, Prairie Pilot."

"Give this maiden into my charge; now I cannot tell you why."

"I will."

"Thank you; now let us camp here for the night; and in the morning, Sam, you and Dave can go on to the fort; but I am going to beg that you will not mention having seen me my rescue from death, or that you know anything about me."

"I'll be as quiet as a church on week days, you bet; but I'm all-fired glad yer ain't a dead man, I is," said Yankee Sam, while Scalp-lock Dave replied:

"An' so is I. You see, pard, the times is dull now for guides, so we just struck over to the fort to raise Injun ha'r for the soldiers; but it's a darnation shame that such a man as me is hunted like a dog; but you'll even find me a friend."

"I know it, Dave, and some day I hope to prove how I appreciate the friendship of your self and Sam."

Feeling that they would have a better chance to safely reach the fort in the darkness, Yankee Sam and Scalp-lock Dave expressed their determination to at once set out; so, bidding farewell to Prairie Pilot and his companions, they mounted their horses and rode away.

"Now let us go to my retreat, Bob. Though I could trust Sam and Dave, I could not let them know that secret—"

"Can you trust the girl?" asked Bravo Bob, in a whisper.

"With my life. Come."

A few moments more and the trio were on their way, Prairie Pilot having accepted Ione's invitation to a seat with her on Specter, and which the noble animal seemed to care little for.

#### CHAPTER XX.

##### THE PRAIRIE FIGHT.

THREE weeks passed after the hanging of Prairie Pilot by the outlaws, and the escape of Captain Ralph. Daily matters were becoming more complicated upon the border, for the Indians had taken to the war-path along the whole line, and the settlements were hourly in fear of an attack.

Squadrons of cavalry frequently scouted through the hills and upon the prairies, and often returned with accounts of hard-fought battles with bands of red-skins, and a gloom fell upon all.

With untiring zeal and undaunted courage Colonel Radcliff met every band and overcame it, and Captain Ashland daily won golden laurels for his fearless attacks against the Indians.

Of the escape of Captain Ralph little was said, after Ida boldly admitted that she had been the means of his escape, taking advantage of the colonel's talk with the sentinel to leave the guard-house.

Since his leaving the fort nothing had been heard of the young outlaw chief; but his band were daily on the war-path against the settlements, led on by the old Hermit Chief, who suddenly seemed to have gained new vigor and health.

Whether Captain Ralph had returned to the stronghold, or given up the life of an outlaw, the scouts and spies could not discover.

Upon comparatively friendly terms with the hostile tribes of Indians, the Hermit Chief could raid along the border with impunity, well knowing that the line of forts were kept busy with their red foes, and with almost savage ferocity he brought ruin upon many a settler's home, and left many a ghastly corpse behind his deadly trail.

The troops commanded by Colonel Radcliff, and the settlers of Blue Water settlement, the Hermit Chief seemed ever to shun, and on several occasions had his whole band fallen back before a small squadron, under the gallant Ashland, until the troopers of the fort began to leave the guard-house.

At the request of the officers of the fort, and the settlers, Bravo Bob had become chief of scouts, and with Yankee Sam and Scalp-lock Dave for his "bowers" he had organized a most formidable band of bold spirits, that were suddenly seen to have gained new vigor and health.

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## TO COMMENCE NEXT WEEK.

We give, in our next, the opening chapters of Grace Mortimer's

## MAGNIFICENT STORY:

### THE RED CROSS;

OR,

The Mystery of Warren-Guiderland:

A STORY OF ONE OF THE THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER, which, as already announced, is a splendid development of the tradition regarding the

## THIRTY ACCURSED COINS

for which Judas Iscariot sold his Lord and Master. One of these tainted and marked shekels survives the centuries and comes down to us, to carry with

## BALEFUL AND SUBLIME POWER

its influence for evil and misfortune on its every possessor. It is the inheritance of the great and enormously rich house and estate of Warren-Guiderland—where it is found

Enshrinéd in a Mysterious Casket, and passes to the possession of the new master of the vast estate, who, being a German Student, Philosopher and Disbeliever in Christianism, and communication; pages of wit, and sarcasm; and sentiment; pages of a heart-life pure and strong as a religion.

Oh! how the heart stops its painful beatings to watch the flames wreathre redly about them, and "kiss hot till they die."

Now throw on all these odd letters, and small packages, and notes, and invitations; there shall be a grand funeral pyre raised above this sad, sad burial-place.

And now the flames that have blazed high and bright so long flicker and die away; darkly gathers in the room; draw aside the curtains and let the moonlight in, for only ghostly memories are here now, the letters—poor, faded, yellow things—are gone!

### A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

#### NO. II.

You know the road where the dollars lie? Follow the red cents here and there; For if a man leaves them, I can guess He won't have dollars anywhere.

#### —OLD SONG.

A CENT is not much, to be sure, but every cent you add to it increases your store, and when you have accumulated quite a number, you will find it so pleasant a task that you will keep at it, and thus you will commence laying the foundation to your fortune. In reading of the early lives of our wealthiest citizens—I refer to those who have made their fortunes in an honest and upright manner, and by diligence and hard work—we note that the first thousand dollars were the hardest to get; and after that amount was reached the other thousands were not hard to gain. Maybe you are inclined to think that more persons were apt to help them than because "to those that hath more shall be given."

There may be something in that, but the more plausible theory seems to be that it is much harder to save the pennies, because there are so many thousands of little things which look so tempting and are so cheap that the pennies go ere we are aware of their disappearance.

Yes, it is hard to save these cents, but the cents make the dimes and the dimes make the dollars, and we all need dollars.

A CENT is not much, yet if every person on the face of the earth were to give but one cent toward some worthy charitable object, what a large amount of dollars there would be. Small collections tell up very quick, and by each one giving a little the aggregate will be large. But, I wouldn't have you mean and miserly, for I abominate a niggard and despise a close person, yet there are many ways in which we might economize without being stingy; we might sacrifice some of our comforts; we might deprive ourselves of something which we coveted, yet did not actually need.

Now, my gentlemen readers—if there are any of you among my audience—I don't think you should be the *only* ones to give up your pleasures and enjoyments, and your little extra expenses, unless we of the opposite sex, should do the same. I think, nay, I *know*, we have many extravagances at you; perhaps we have more, but we are too prone to look upon them as the actual necessities of life. Why should we consider it just the thing to buy our silks and laces, our caravans and ice-creams, our pop-corn and chewing gum, and rice against your fast horses, cigars and pipes?

If we can not economize in the one why should we, or why should we expect you to, economize in the other? The fact is, we must each and all learn the system of economy. It must not be a one-sided affair, either. I'm not going to argue that husbands should save their coppers in order to indulge their wives' extravagance, and the wives must not hoard the pennies in order to let the husbands squander them in dissipation. It must be an even thing. My vote is for that, and I'm not in favor of females voting, as a general thing.

There is another thing about these red cents; a great many of us are not content with what we have. We estimate our services and usefulness at too high a figure, and want too much emolument. We are not content to work for a little until we are worth more. A little bit of flattery and puffery makes us believe that we are a trifl better than common clay, and we assume airs that are by no means pretty or attractive. We scorn the cents that are offered us, and strive for the dollars; and, when we discover the dollars will not be given us, we then look for the cents which have been offered us and find some more provident person has accepted them.

That bundle there, put upon the fading embers, to light the room. What need to open them? The writer is in a far section of country. It is years since word has come from her; but once how near she was—not a thought she did not share, nor a warm caress so loved as hers. What bright eyes she had, and what a

merry laugh, and how she enjoyed all of our schoolday scrapes. Then there came misunderstanding and estrangement, occasional letters, and final silence. Is she married now, a bright-faced matron, with little children clinging about her, or does she live true, still, to a love that with all its fervency never knew return? Ah, me! the yellow paper and faded ink have power to open sight but the book of the past: put them upon the fire!

How they curl and writhre, as if a spirit in them felt the torture of their death! It is cruel, cruel, to part with these letters; it is some wrong was being done to those who penned them. But, old papers, you must go to your death somehow; and it is better thus, to perish absolutely, and in a glory of flame!

This package—see how many colors and shapes of envelopes there are, and what comic little mementoes drop from the pages, cards, pictures, bits of ribbon, hairpins, pills—put it on the fire next. The mischievous, loving cousin who wrote them is dead. And these dainty white envelopes, all, and little gilt-edged sheets finely crowded with writing—never changing with change of style—the whole high pile of the same neat appearance; they seem almost like Anna herself; darling, golden-haired Anna, unworldly, gentle, good—ah! that is best of all. Even to the fair and good life is not always thornless; the quiet home, whence each of these little misses came, has held its weary, miserable romance. Lay the packet gently within the grate—and over the ashes of Anna's past, arise prayers for Anna's happier future.

Take the letters from out these large envelopes, addressed by a bold, manly hand. How far ago the time seems that we were children together, scarcely more than that when a blaze of passion ended the years of youthful association. How sadly the smiles come at these narrations of scenes and events that seem like tales of strangers' lives; and these bits of news of those who have vanished forever out of one's circle of acquaintances; and these long-age plans and vows. In all the writer's after-life of disgrace, and gradual downward gravitation, thought he even of these pure, hopeful, ambitious days? Throw the pages upon the fire. How they flash and fade—even like the promises given by the writer's early life.

Here are letters, always ending with an affectionate blessing, signed "Father" and "Mother"—they shall be saved; and this thin package, written in a boy's cramped, childish hand, letters from a brother—for years a wanderer upon the seas, from whom a message comes seldom; and these records of an eighteen year companionship—all the others must go! These, and these—pages of travel, and criticism, and communication; pages of wit, and sarcasm; and sentiment; pages of a heart-life pure and strong as a religion.

Oh! how the heart stops its painful beatings to watch the flames wreathre redly about them, and "kiss hot till they die."

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A CENT is not much, to be sure, but every cent you add to it increases your store, and when you have accumulated quite a number, you will find it so pleasant a task that you will keep at it, and thus you will commence laying the foundation to your fortune. In reading of the early lives of our wealthiest citizens—I refer to those who have made their fortunes in an honest and upright manner, and by diligence and hard work—we note that the first thousand dollars were the hardest to get; and after that amount was reached the other thousands were not hard to gain. Maybe you are inclined to think that more persons were apt to help them than because "to those that hath more shall be given."

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THE REVELATION.

BY JOHN GOSSIP.

An hour of gold came down a year ago,  
Deep-frangt with blessings; but I did not know  
It was a golden hour that blest me so.

A week—nay, less—and then another came;  
An hour it was, I knew; but that another name  
It bore, knew not—and yet it was the same!

Then, later still, a moment came to me  
In gold apparel, which I could not see—  
Perhaps because it slipped away so suddenly.

To-day a second, clad in cloth of gold,  
Dropped from the sky into the Father's fold;  
And, oh! the light which from that second rolled!

Now is that hour of gold returned to me;  
Now all the gold in all the hours I see;  
For I with golden hours am blest eternally!

Great Adventurers.

THE CABOTS,  
The Discoverers of North America.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

THESE navigators—father and sons—though sailing under an English flag as English subjects—were Italians. John, the father (Giovanni Caboto), was a Venetian merchant; whose successes in trade and adventure had assured him a competence. He settled in Bristol, England, where Sebastian, the third son, was born, 1477. Like the elder Cabot (or Gabotto) he had a great fondness for the sea, and, together with his two elder brothers, was instructed, as were all youths of good family, designed for a commercial and trading life, in geography, astronomy and mathematics—in which he became proficient. At the age of nineteen, when Europe was all ablaze with the excitement of discovery, King Henry VII of England granted the Cabots—father and sons—a patent for the discovery and conquest of unknown lands. The merchant equipped, at his own expense, a small vessel—the Mathew—and on the 24th of June, 1497, in this craft, came upon the coast of our continent in the vicinity of Labrador (about lat. 56°) and explored enough along the ocean line of his "Prima Viata" to ascertain that he was, in reality, called upon to map the eastern face of a new world. This was the first discovery of the Western world, ante-dating Columbus' first sight of the mainland more than a year. And this priority is not a matter of question: to the Cabots, in their little vessel, belongs the honor of having first lifted the veil of ages from the face of the virgin continent.

The smallness of his outfit for the purposes of exploration induced his early return to England, bearing three of the natives of Newfoundland back with him.\*

Henry, as a personal compliment, puts down in his items of expense—"To hym that found the new isle £10"—showing that the king regarded the region visited as an "isle"—although a large one, still an isle, for the belief was fixed that all the lands beyond the western sea were but the outlying barriers to the "further Ind," the remote eastern coast of Asia.

To further Cabot's designs Henry (Feb. 3d, 1498) granted "John Cabotto" permission to take six ships, in any haven of the realm, or the burden of 200 tons and under, "to convey and lede to the Londe and Isles of late found, by the said John, in our name and by our commandments" etc. With this fleet John and Sebastian sailed along the coast from Newfoundland down to Chesapeake Bay and returned the same year (1498) to report the greatness of the land, but that it was filled with very ferocious beasts and savages with no signs of civilization. The year following a third adventure was made, by which Sebastian explored the coast-line down to the Gulf of Mexico, but of this and the previous voyage no written record whatever exists.

This remarkable indifference to Cabot's discoveries is incomprehensible. Sebastian preserved all his logs, notes, soundings and records, but they all mysteriously disappeared a few years later, and have never been recovered, so that England, in spite of her priority of discovery and visitation, had afterward to admit both the French and the Spaniards to possessory in the new domain. Cartier, under protection of Francis I of France, sailed over Cabot's first route and discovered the Gulf and River St. Lawrence, but not until 1534—thirty-seven years after Cabot had made landings along the coast; and by this discovery of Cartier France laid claim to Canada; and eventually to all the country from Canada to Louisiana because Joliet and Marquette had explored the Mississippi river. The Spaniards under Ponce de Leon discovered Florida not until 1512, when that nation laid claim to all the Southern region of what are now our Southern or Gulf States, and through which De Soto wandered in his hapless expedition (1539-43). The failure to print or publicly proclaim the Cabots' discoveries and explorations, in 1497-98-99, lost to Great Britain the right of dominion on the north and south, confined her to "New England" and "Virginia," and entailed on her fierce wars to dispossess her rivals.

Cabot the elder having died after his return from the second voyage, Sebastian, finding his adopted country both indifferent and ungrateful, seems to have retired from the public, for we find no account of his work for the succeeding twelve years of his life. Henry VII, dying, A. D. 1512, Cabot was sent for by the enterprising Ferdinand of Spain, and, in September of that year, entered his services as captain, receiving a liberal salary. He gave his attention to maritime matters, with which he was so conversant, and it is surmised that he bore away with him all his records of voyages, placing them in the Spanish naval establishment.

That he was highly regarded is evident, for we find him (A. D. 1515) a member of the important and dignified "Council of the Indies." He was assigned to the conduct of a powerful expedition of discovery ordered by Ferdinand, A. D. 1515, whose purpose, it is surmised, was to again run down the coast line from Newfoundland to the Gulf, and to take possession of the country in the name of the King of Spain. But, Ferdinand dying in the beginning of 1516, the whole enterprise was suspended, and ere long abandoned, for the new emperor, Charles V., of Austria—heir to three thrones—did not visit Spain to assume the crown for some time thereafter, and the Spanish court, we are told, "became the scene of shameless intrigue," in which Cabot, being regarded as a *foreigner* and *Englishman*, suffered the persecutions of Fonseca—the old enemy of Columbus, another "foreigner." Evidently Fonseca was a first-class fool.

Cabot wisely returned to England, where the

great if not gracious Henry VIII. was then making England's power and glory recognized, in a very authoritative way.

In the year 1516 Henry dispatched Cabot, in joint command with Sir Thomas Peste, to discover a north-west passage to India—the first of all that long list of searchers which embraces many a glorious name. The expedition reached north latitude 67°, but, after partially exploring Hudson's Bay, returned, owing to the gross insubordination of the crew and Sir Thomas' incapacity for command. Of this voyage no official records exist!

Charles V., having come to Spain, sent for Cabot, and made him pilot-major of the kingdom—the post held by Vespucci—whose duties consisted in supervising all plans for voyage and discovery, to indicate sea routes, etc., etc., and to fill out the maps by the records and logs of returning ships.

The Pope of Rome in those days having arrogated and been conceded the power to apportion each nation its portion of the new domains, a discordance between Spain and Portugal arose as to the right of domain in the Moluccas. This quarrel assumed such proportions that a solemn conference was ordered, of eminent men chosen by each country. Cabot was first on the list. The conference sat at Badajoz, in April and May, 1524, and decided that the Spice Islands (the Moluccas) were within the Spanish division of the world. As Portugal up to this time, had almost maintained a complete monopoly of the trade in spices, this decision opened the way to Spanish possession, and a strong company was formed at Seville to open the trade there.

Of this enterprise Cabot was solicited to take command, and did so, but, with usual Spanish perversity, three men were assigned to the succession in his command—all of whom were his personal enemies. The expedition sailed April, 1526, proposing to reach the Moluccas by a voyage round the southern end of the American continent, instead of the usual course of the Portuguese ships, by way of Cape of Good Hope. A mutiny occurring off the coast of Brazil, forced Cabot to put them ashore, and this so diverted his plans as to induce him to go no further than Brazil.

He therefore explored the great river, La Plata, which he named from the Indians wearing breast-plates of gold, and proceeded to establish posts at several points. A vessel was dispatched to Spain to obtain warrant and help from Charles, for settlement and colonization—which the emperor readily granted, and thus relieved the merchants of their share in the enterprise.

An expedition under Diego Garcia having followed, in 1527, with authority from the emperor to explore and possess the country, Cabot had to defer to his authority, but the followers of Garcia, left behind when he again sailed away, committed such atrocities against the peaceful but resentful Indians (the Guarani), that the savages rose in great fury, and Cabot only saved his life and those of his men by sailing away to sea—reaching Spain in 1531. He resumed his old post of major pilot, making occasional voyages for observation and exploration of which but a mere mention exists.

In 1548 he returned to England, at the solicitation of Somerset, protector to the young Edward VI., and Edward was so pleased with the great navigator's intelligence and agreeable conversation, that he bestowed on him a liberal pension, and made him grand pilot of England. It was by his advice and direction that an English company opened a trade with Russia, by way of the Baltic and the north sea, which proved a very valuable enterprise, and for whose excellent arrangements and policy Cabot was credited.

The hope had been to penetrate, by the north sea, around the north of Asia, and thus find a north-east passage to India; but, failing in this, the merchants immensely profited by commerce with northern Europe and Asia.

He was, in fact, governor of the Russian company, and active in all its affairs.

The death of Edward and accession of Mary again changed the position and fortunes of the now venerable navigator. His pension and office were shared by one Worthington, of whom nothing is known. This person became possessed of all Cabot's exceedingly valuable store of maps, charts and records, and as these most interesting and important documents have wholly disappeared, it is inferred that this Worthington, acting on Mary's suggestion, had them all given to her husband, Philip of Spain—who she loved with strange idolatry, and for whose interests she ever was solicitous.

Certainly, there was not the faintest claimant impression on the young man's mind to tell him who this young lady was. Only, his heart beat a little faster at the very thought that she was the countrywoman of that beautiful girl who had driven him from her with such scorn—such words of fiery contempt.

He was thinking of Barbara as he went toward the village on his errand; his mind and his heart were full of her as he approached the old cathedral, about which clustered the homes of the dead, the gleaming tombstones, the rusty yews, the tall, drooping elms. He did not like this venerable building.

It had, for him, one miserable association, stronger than any other, which lived down, and thrust down imperiously, all the gentle, sacred, pleasant feelings and memories which should have haunted it for him.

In this old church, on one black day of his early youth, he had been married.

He could never forget that when he looked at it.

He recalled it, this day, all the more vividly, because his heart was so full of Barbara. Almost unconsciously his feet turned aside from the frosty brown highway and strayed into the churchyard, green and dark with thick-growing evergreens, yew and cedar, pine and box, amid the clusters of whose somber green shone out white headstones and over which fell the vast shadow of the church itself, thrown by the westering sunbeams.

His steps lingered, his head drooped; deeply occupied by his own reveries, he wandered here and there, sometimes, without being conscious of it, reading the half-illegible, quaint inscription on some mossy stone, but always thinking of Barbara—and of that other woman who had wrecked his life.

His footsteps made no noise on the grassy paths as he rambled on to the rear of the ancient pile; he saw no one, and thought himself quite alone, until he heard a low murmur of voices behind a cluster of evergreens in a most secluded portion of the ground.

He would immediately have gone away had not one of the speakers in some excitement raised her voice, and a tone in it fell on his ear with a familiar cadence which brought a dark frown to his face.

"Coud his senses be deceiving him?

He crept cautiously, making a wide circuit, until he approached the concealed speakers from a point which betrayed them to him, while he was hidden from their observation by intervening thickets of box. A great glow followed by a great chill, flashed over him.

There, on a low, gray tomb, sat Barbara! Barbara, changed more than he could have

thought a few weeks could have changed her. A plain straw hat, which she had borrowed from the landlady of the inn, lay at her feet. Her beautiful, bright, graceful head was bare. How well he remembered that spirited movement she had with that proud little head. He did not notice that her hair was short. He was blind, dizzy with the sudden sight of her, sitting there in that English graveyard! Yet, even in his reeling first vision of her, he realized that she was paler, thinner—that her glorious face had

befalls me meantime. Compose yourself, my foolish, trembling child, and depend on me."

He offered her his arm, which she clung to with childish dependence, and they walked back and forth on the avenue, hidden from the castle windows by the limes, while he waited for her to recover her composure before returning to the house.

In two minutes he had become unconscious that she was on his arm, walking faster and faster under the fierce impulse of his memories, until his poor little companion was on the run, at length exclaiming, breathlessly:

"Why do you hurry so? What's the matter with you?"

"You poor child!" he exclaimed, looking down at her, gently. "I beg a thousand pardons. How your breath flutters! I met some one this afternoon, the sight of whom agitated me deeply; and I have been thinking of her—so you must forgive me. Little Alice, yours is a womanly nature, tell me what you would do under certain circumstances. Supposing I had told you that I loved you, and had asked you to be my wife, and you only to drive him from her when she learned of the chain which had once bound him to the other.

Find these two together, and in this place, was, indeed, passing strange! Delorme was so bewildered that he never thought of associating Barbara with the shipwrecked young lady at the inn. Their presence in this spot—together—and his own beside them, appealed to him in the light of something supernatural. While he watched them, unable to make up his mind whether to advance or retire, they improved during his fortnight's absence. Lord Ross went about with a sinister smile; the countess appeared nervous and harassed; his cousin was full of whims and humors; Lady Alice, white as the ghost of a lily, silent, sad, depressed. No uninformed intruder could possibly have supposed that a wedding—a wedding of youth, beauty, rank—was so soon to take place in that magnificent home. Delorme was himself oppressed by the consciousness of what he had promised Lady Alice to do. He felt that it was a wicked thing for this helpless girl to be forced into the arms of his sickly cousin; but he did not like the idea of playing traitor to that cousin, whom he pitied sincerely, if he did not love him. He wished himself well out of the business. Sometimes he wished himself well out of the world. "Nothing ever went right with him," he said to himself, bitterly.

On this particular day a rumor had come to the castle that one of the steamers running between New York and Liverpool had been destroyed by fire, and that the news had been brought into port by the bark Mary Ann, which came in that morning; that these passengers were Americans—a young lady and a young gentleman—and that the latter had already hurried on to London, leaving the lady at the village inn.

"It is a case which demands our kind services, ann," said Delorme, at the lunch-table. "I think I will walk over to the village and offer any kindness which may be in my power."

"Do you prefer walking, Delorme?" "Yes, aunt, thank you."

"You can call upon my purse, freely, freely, Delorme; but you know I am peculiar about inviting strangers into my house."

"Oh, certainly, aunt. I dare say the lady can be made comfortable at the inn. But she will like to feel that there are those at hand ready to serve her; and she may need money, clothing, advice."

"And then our young friend takes a deep interest in anything American," observed Lord Ross, with a meaning smile.

Delorme blushed, and was angry at himself for doing it.

"I admire a great many persons whom I met in the United States," he said, hastily. "I do feel an interest in that people, particularly; though I trust both you and I, aunt, would extend a friendly hand to any one so unfortunate as this poor young lady seems to have been."

Certainly, there was not the faintest claimant impression on the young man's mind to tell him who this young lady was. Only, his heart beat a little faster at the very thought that she was the countrywoman of that beautiful girl who had driven him from her with such scorn—such words of fiery contempt.

He was thinking of Barbara as he went toward the village on his errand; his mind and his heart were full of her as he approached the old cathedral, about which clustered the homes of the dead, the gleaming tombstones, the rusty yews, the tall, drooping elms. He did not like this venerable building.

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He would immediately have gone away had not one of the speakers in some excitement raised her voice, and a tone in it fell on his ear with a familiar cadence which brought a dark frown to his face.

"Is it anything new?" he asked, kindly.

"No, no, no—nothing new, Delorme. But it is killing me all the same. I never was born to act the hypocrite, yet I have to do it there—under my father's gaze—under the suspicious eyes of the countess—the jealous, fiery eyes of Herbert! I have to meet all those searching looks and act my part as if I liked Herbert. I have to accept the countess' splendid gifts. I have to lower her voice to a whisper, 'to allow Herbert to treat me as his promised wife. And I tell you, Mr. Dunleath—you may not realize it, but it is so!—I tell you that his presence blinds me, the smile in his eye, the touch of his hand, is like frost upon a flower. I am dying under it. I can never express to you the deep, the hideous, the growing repulsion that I feel toward your cousin. I can only explain it on the ground that by trying to force me to love him you have made me hate him. For the heart will not be forced. It rebels. It will be its own way," she added, very softly, the hurry and passion of her voice dying down to a tender whisper as she raised a troubled, eloquent look to the eyes of the man who stood kindly listening.

"How strangely you look at me! Are you displeased because I came out in the hopes of meeting you?" she timidly asked, the ready tears welling into her large, violet eyes. "Indeed, indeed, Delorme, it is killing me to live in that house! Can you not see that it is killing me?" she pleaded, pitifully.

He looked at her more narrowly, trying to forget his own sorrows, for he was generous and helpful by nature. He saw that Lady Alice was as white as a snow-drop; that she trembled as she stood before him, and that the anxious, frightened expression of those great blue eyes was painful to see.

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"And I am so afraid that by some betrayal of our plans, or failure to carry them out, I shall yet be forced to be his wife. That fear haunts me all the time—prevents my sleeping—wears on me, until these three weeks of suspense still left, seem to me like so many interminable years."

"I did not realize that you were suffering so much, my poor little Alice. I am afraid I have been too deeply absorbed in my own lesser troubles. I must give you more attention. You must not make yourself miserable, fretting over the possible failure of our plans. They shall not fail. I will set to that. You can trust yourself to me, can you not?"

"Entirely," she answered, her soulful eyes betraying more

to; Herbert would not allow Delorme out of his sight, while the countess begged that he would indulge his cousin in his wish. The consequence of all was that Delorme never got to the village that day.

But the next morning, his cousin's sudden illness being as suddenly over—at least to the extent that he was out of danger—Delorme affirmed the need of a walk in the fresh air, after his vigil in the sick room, and started off for Dunleath port.

He had not been alone with Lady Alice since they had come in from their walk in the lime-avenue, and he wished to be free to decide on his course before he should again have an exclusive interview with her.

But it was not of Lady Alice he thought as he walked toward the village. Barbara, the beautiful, the capricious, the self-willed—Barbara, whose very faults made her the more bewitching—Barbara, whose face he had beheld two days ago, filled all his mind, crowding out her gentle rival utterly. He did not go by the road on this occasion, but followed a path through the park and woods which brought him out at a stile, leading over into the churchyard of the cathedral. His heart gave a leap as he approached the place where he had seen her. Perchance she might be there again!

If so, what better place for their interview? He crept forward, to reconnoiter the spot where she had sat on the low gray tomb. Yes she was there! But, perdition! not alone.

It was very tiresome, very stupid, at the ancient inn for Miss Rensselaer. The previous day had been a long one; not all of Mrs. Courtenay's vivacious gossip could make it a brief one. Perhaps the proud girl had fancied that her lover would come begging, a second time, at her door. If so, she was mistaken; the tedious day dragged itself out, and she had the pleasure of remaining at her window, painting pictures in her fancy, as she looked out toward the turrets and towers of Dunleath castle, of Delorme walking about its storied galleries and pleasurements with the lovely Lady Alice, to whom, according to Mrs. Courtenay's story, he was surreptitiously betrothed.

Proud Barbara's pillow was drenched with tears that night. She even met her friend, Mrs. Courtenay, coldly the next morning, explaining her heavy eyes and pale cheeks by affirming that she was homesick, and that she wanted to see her papa, and it would be such an age before he could get to her. And oh, where was aunt Margaret! And ah, what an unhappy girl she was!

However, an hour after her late breakfast, arrived Arthur Granbury.

He had ridden since eleven the previous night, so as to bring the news, and her purchases, as quickly as possible. He was as glad to see her as if he had been away a month; his eyes sparkled; he took her hand eagerly, kissing it, but looking at her lips as if he longed for liberty to kiss them instead. In her loneliness and her neglected state, Barbara felt curiously happy to see him, flattered at his haste to return, and appreciative of his good qualities. If pity is akin to love, gratitude certainly is; and hence she was in the same danger with Granbury that Delorme was with Lady Alice.

Arthur had done a great deal of work the previous day. He had sent cable dispatches home and received answers; he had one in his pocket from Mr. Rensselaer, stating that he would start the following day for England and hoped to arrive in Liverpool by the 24th. Barbara laughed and wept over the insensate slip of paper; she had gone through so much that her nerves were not to be depended on for steadiness. "Dear, darling papa!" she cried, "I never knew before what an old precious you were!" while Arthur watched her enviously as she kissed the dispatch, and admired her more than ever.

Granbury had also drawn money at an English-American house, for her use and his own. And he had given her orders to a great establishment where ladies' outfits were to be had, at three hours' notice, and had returned with a large box full of new things, which Barbara, as soon as she could decently leave him, proceeded to explore.

"You won't be gone long!" he pleaded, as she went to her room to open the box.

"No, Mr. Granbury, and I will walk with you when I come down."

So, in about half an hour, she had come down to him, in the inn-parlor, wearing a fresh dress of some soft brown material, with a sealskin jacket and cap, which, with her short crisp curls, made her too deliciously spirited and handsome for any lover to look upon unmoved.

"Shall we walk on the beach?" Granbury had asked.

"It is too blustering there; I will take you to see the cathedral. I was there day before yesterday; you would regret losing an opportunity to examine it—a portion of it is five hundred years old, and so are some of the venerable yews; and there are such charming windows and such an interesting churchyard, full of graves."

"Let us go there, by all means," and they had gone.

They had borrowed the key of the sexton, living not far away, and gone inside to study the windows and the ceiling, and when they had "done" the inside of the building, she wandered about, viewing its exterior, and reading the inscriptions on old headstones, until, finally, they had sat to rest on the same gray marble slab where Barbara had sat before.

"I ought really to have gone on to Paris today," observed Arthur, after they had chatted awhile. "My business is very important—involved many thousands—but that is nothing compared to my duty to you, Miss Rensselaer. I shall not leave you until you have decided what you are going to do. Indeed, if you will allow me, I will remain near you until your father's arrival. Do you sincerely think it necessary to remain in this stupid little port until he comes?"

"I think it more prudent, perhaps. It is quiet and safe here, for me; a young lady with no companions of her own sex must be discreet, you know. But I cannot think of detaining you, Mr. Granbury. Why should I? I am safe, and as comfortable as need be. In two weeks papa will be here. The thought that you were losing thousands on my account would be very embarrassing," and she laughed.

"Barbara," said Granbury, very seriously, "do you forget those hours we spent together alone in the water? They were equal to half a lifetime, if one counts by intensity of experience. I told you then that I—"

"I know it—I know it!" she interrupted him, hastily. "I have not forgotten; but I don't wish you to speak so again. Pray do! It will only make us both unhappy. Please!" as he tried to go on, "hear what I have to say, first. That I honor, esteem—love you, even—as a dear friend and brother, who has saved my life, and behaved toward me with such gallantry, courtesy, heroism that I have no words in which to express my admiration—of that you are assured. You can never, Mr. Granbury, be less dear to me than a be-

loved relative—I can never forget what you have done for me. But—but—I am engaged to another," and Barbara raised her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Engaged!" stammered Arthur. "Then I must sadly have misunderstood your father. He gave me permission to pay my addresses to you, not a week before we sailed."

"All but I was only engaged a few days before!"

"To whom? Or is it too great a liberty for me to ask?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Granbury. You have a right to know. I will tell you—in a moment—as soon as I can summon courage to do it. To my cousin Herman."

"Is it the same?"—the tone of surprise and contempt which the young broker, in his astonishment, had no time to repress, stung Barbara's pride unbearably.

The handkerchief came down from before her flashing eyes, and her lips quivered, as she said, in intense scorn:

"Yes, my cousin Herman, and I despise him."

"Then why are you engaged to him?—is it a case of compulsion?"

"Oh, no, no, no! it is only a case of self-will and ill-temper, Mr. Granbury."

"On your part?"

"Yes, on my part. I was dreadfully angry, and I flung myself into my cousin's arms to spite somebody else. Only think, we were to have been married on Christmas! But I will never marry him now. I made up my mind to that when we were freezing in that cold winter, Mr. Granbury. I saw my conduct in its true light then. When papa arrives, I shall tell him just how wicked I have been, and that I mean to be a good girl after this, and stay with him, and never love any one but him—never marry at all," and all of a sudden the fire in the wonderful, changing eyes was quenched in tears, as she looked at her companion entreatingly.

"I understand," he said, after a moment's silence, turning pale and cold, and moving further from her on the gray slab. "You love the 'somebody else' whom you engaged yourself to, your cousin 'to spite.' That is clear enough. You love this 'somebody else,' and I have no chance at all."

"I did love him," answered Barbara, sadly, "but we quarreled; I dismissed him, and I shall never marry him now, for he will lead to the altar another lady on Christmas day."

At this news the man by her side tried very hard to look sympathetic; but he failed. Something of hope and triumph came back to his bright eyes, and, as he drew closer to her again, he spoke in eager tones, getting possession of her little gloved hand as he proceeded:

"Then I shall not despair. No, indeed, Miss Rensselaer, you give me a new lease of hope! It is impossible that you shall always remember, always grieve for this man. He will soon be married to another. Very good! It follows that it will then be wrong for you to think of him at all, and you are not the girl to do anything wrong. You will shut him out of your pure bosom at once. Nature abhors a vacuum—some one else must creep into his place! Let me be that one! Dearest, adored Barbara, I ask nothing just yet. Only give me a chance. Think of me occasionally—and always of how I love you—of how sad I am, waiting, waiting for you to recall me—to breathe the first word of tenderness in my patient ear. Remember, that I am always waiting—hoping, expecting my recall."

It was at the point where he pleaded—

"Dearest, adored Barbara," that Delorme reached the thicket of box, and peering through, not only saw, but heard, his fiery handsome, impassioned rival. He saw that Barbara listened kindly—that she did not withdraw her hand: his sense of honor would permit him to linger no longer—he withdrew as silently as he had approached, with the bitterness of death in his heart.

"She never loved me from the beginning," he said to himself. "She is that meanest of women—a vain coquette!"

In his rage and jealousy he resolved that she should meet him, face to face, eye to eye, in this new lover's presence; so he went around to the front of the cathedral and stood, apparently engaged in studying its architecture, in the path which the two must take when they came out of the churchyard.

In ten minutes they passed him; the gentle man lifted his hat, with American courtesy, to the stranger in his path; but the lady never lifted those long black eyelashes which lay so droopingly on her very cheeks, nor those valedict eyes from the ground on which they were fixed. So Delorme believed that he had missed him.

But a few moments later, when a turn in the road had taken them out of sight of the cathedral, Arthur felt the light weight on his arm suddenly increase, and looking around at his sinking companion, saw that she had fainted. In alarm, he picked her up in his arms and ran with her in the direction of the village, being glad enough soon to hail a farm-wagon which was passing, and obtain assistance in conveying her to the inn. By the time they reached it, she had partially revived; and no mortal, save herself, dreamed that it was the one instantaneous half-glance she had cast at the stranger, as she came around the corner of the cathedral, that had wrought the mischief.

Granbury, of course, attributed her illness to the effect of what she had suffered in the water, resolving not to leave her to the care of the ignorant persons of the inn, for two or three days more, at least.

As Barbara was being lifted out of the wagon by the inn-keeper, the gentle man, who had been a-warnin' you that Louis Walton wasn't any better'n he'd ought to be! Let them city chaps alone for captivatin' of a young girl's heart, an' leavin' her to woe forevermore. Don't I know!—haven't I read about 'em in that weekly paper Parson Squint brings up here every Monday? Take my advice—which I gave it to you long ago—don't have nothing more to do with that scamp. I always did feel like grabbin' him by the neck an'—"

What more of such solace Daisy might have received, it was cut short by an apparition in the pathway. Parson Squint himself—a meek-mannered, sleek-looking, pale-eyed exponent of theology, geology, hygiene and history. He had, of late, cast yearning looks on Miss Euphrasia, causing her half-withered pulse to fairly itch with the vigor of hope that tries to seize a "last chance."

Why she always took pains to appear her nicest, talk her gentlest and smile her broadest at the periodical visits of the parson, was a conundrum which Daisy had solved some time past.

The parson was extraordinarily early this evening; Euphrasia was by no means prepared to receive visitors in her present plight, and notwithstanding Daisy's exceeding ill-humor she smiled at her aunt's condescension.

"Land sakes!" hissed-whispered the gushing Euphrasia, and fled up-stairs as if pursued by a demon of darkness.

Had it not been for Daisy the bread would never have been baked. She went into the kitchen, rolled up her sleeves, tied on her apron and dug away at the half-kneaded dough in solemn silence.

"Is it becoming to me?" asked she, as she paraded in the costume of one hundred years ago, before the man who is not her lord and master, but is her husband. "Yes, my dear, meekly. "Don't you wish I could dress this way all the time?" she asked. "No, but I wish you had lived when that was the style."

"If you should not be back here by Christmas day, Delorme!"

And then, realizing the state of her mind, the danger from which he had pledged himself to rescue her, he kissed her forehead, saying:

"Though it should be my boy's funeral-day, little Alice, I will not fail you."

Lord Roes, through his half-open chamber door, heard the promise and laughed.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 340.)

### WHICH?

(After the German of Heine.)

BY HENRI MONTALM.

Now, Johnnie Ray, bring out the gray,

And put the saddle on her,

And ride with all the speed ye may

Straight down to Eddy's Cover.

Then o'er the hill come by the mill,

To see Mr. Roes, your master;

And ask who marries Handsome Will—

Which of his pretty daughters.

And if it be black-eyed Jen,

With cheeks brown as a berry,

Then back again like lightning then,

And we will both make merry.

But if 'tis Sue, whose eyes are blue,

I care not whom ye sup with.

Ride slowly back, and bring with you

A rope to hang me up with.

JUST at twilight.

Daisy Green sat on the top step of the vine-clad porch, swinging her straw hat to and fro like a pendulum, and gazing absently out over the rye-gold fields.

Daisy Green! Not an uncommon name, and yet it was destined to have its spice of romance.

A cozy cottage 'way off—well, somewhere. A home imbedded in flowers, with an old-fashioned porch all hung with honeysuckle where the bees buzzed! buzzed! the livelong day; and to the right and left orchards and fields fairly breathing their richness.

Hiram Green had left the estate well secured to his child, and the men were busy enough, now, on the eve of harvest-time. It would be Daisy's when she came of age—but at present, under the will, it was conducted by her aunt—an old maid, to be sure—the height of whom ambition seemed to be aped in pots, pans and kettles.

Very little thought Daisy of the rich and beautiful acres soon to be her own—though she was nearly twenty-one, and, I may add, as lovely as her disposition was sweet and gay.

Now, then, what was the matter?

There had been a picnic that day. Of course Daisy was there. And she remembered how handsome Louis Walton had talked quite lover-like, and finally made known his heart's admiration for the heiress of Green Farm. They roamed under the trees together, plucked wild-flowers for mutual bouquets, shared their lunch on the same cloth—in brief, Louis was accepted as the one god of Daisy's first love-dream.

And what had he done? Nothing much—only kissed the blue-eyed "city" girl who was spending summer vacation at Neighbor Dupee's. True, it was a game of romp and forfeit; but since he kissed Daisy, she had carefully reserved her red lips exclusively for him, and thought it proper that he should imitate her.

In an angry moment she deserted the picnic-party, and on reaching home tossed her basket spitefully into the hall. Then, sitting on the step with considerable force, she fell to wondering whether Louis really did prefer blue eyes to brown, and if he did—well, she wished she had blue eyes.

Louis was from the city, too. You may have read of such as he in the story papers: visiting the country, met his Daisy at the farm-cottage and became desperately infatuated on the instant.

"Daisy!" exclaimed her aunt, who came to the door at the sound of the rattling basket. "Why! whatever upon earth is the matter? I thought you was down to the picnic a-joyin' yourself?"

"So I waz-z-z!" answered Daisy, abruptly, and dwelling tragically on the "z's."

"An' here you air, set down an' frownin' like as if it was the day o' king's kingdom come. Sakes! child, don't look that a-way. What's it about, anyhow?"

"Louis kissed another girl!"

It blurted right out—she couldn't help it. And with the brief utterance that told the whole mountain of her woes she pulled so hard on her hat-strings that they came asunder with a rip.

Many persons, especially the men, would say of Daisy, that she was a dreadfully foolish girl. But it's a hard thing for a young betrothed to stand by and see her lover take another girl in his arms and kiss her right square on the mouth. I've been there!" I know how it is, etc." Don't laugh, though; that was many years ago, and I can afford to tell it now.

As Daisy revealed her troubles, aunt Euphrasia threw up her arms in disgust—they were bare arms, smeared with dough, for she had come from the dough-pan to see who threw that basket along the entry.

"Do tell!" she exclaimed. "And ain't I been a-warnin' you that Louis Walton wasn't any better'n he'd ought to be? Let them city chaps alone for captivatin' of a young girl's heart, an' leavin' her to woe forevermore. Don't I know!—haven't I read about 'em in that weekly paper Parson Squint brings up here every Monday? Take my advice—which I gave it to you long ago—don't have nothing more to do with that scamp. I always did feel like grabbin' him by the neck an'—"

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active as a tiger, and her opponent gained no advantage over her. But, all at once, a knife glanced in the man's hand; its keen edge touched the woman's throat. But before it could strike deep, the cold barrel of a pistol was pressed to his temple, and the cracking of a trigger echoed on his ear.

"Hold, Algernon Floyd! or, by the heavens above us, you are a dead man!" hissed the amazons, as she pushed her vantage-ground.

Slowly the man recoiled; he flung his knife upon the table.

"There! there! Moll!" he muttered, in a half-whining tone; "we'll come to terms. Put up your pistol and sit down."

"For once, captain, you are wise! We will come to terms; but, hark you, my pretty fellow, I'll dictate those terms!"

Just then there was a slight shake of the bolt of the door opening into the front sitting room.

Algernon Floyd and his singular visitor both turned; but they saw nothing. They saw naught of the white, scared face, the disheveled tresses, the wild, staring eyes of Minerva, who fled away, sickened and terror-stricken, in the darkness of the room.

The interview between Algernon Floyd and old Moll lasted more than two hours; and when, at last, the woman left, she carried away a bag of gold, while, in her right hand, she clutched a roll of crisp notes.

Yes! Minerva, the rich man's wife, had noted the comings and goings of this old woman, and of the stout, square-built man. The young wife knew that there was a secret, terrible perhaps, which had been kept from her. She felt that this woman and this man held over her dark-bearded husband an unknown, but a fearful power.

We must hasten.

Jem Walton and Bloody Moll often held long midnight conferences together in the little house on the river. On several occasions a swarthy negro of gigantic stature was present at these conferences; and he answered to the name of Ben.

As the reader knows, Clinton Craig, in a single day, had been cast forth into the world, and thrown upon his own resources. He was penniless and almost friendless. Dr. Ashe was true to him; he loved him now—sympathized with him more than ever. The young physician had placed his purse at his friend's disposal; but Clinton Craig did not touch it.

At once the dismisered young man set about getting employment; he was determined to let no time pass idly on his hands. At first he was disheartened; still he looked for work. And at length, Clinton Craig, lately heir-expectant to a princely fortune, was engaged as a common workman in a cotton mill at the Falls; and his meagre wages amounted to six dollars per week. Yet that pittance made him happy, for it gave him independence.

One day in passing through an apartment in the thundering factory, Clinton paused as if struck by lightning. He started back and gasped for breath.

Seated before a buzzing loom, her thin, white face bending over the flying shuttle, was Alice Ray. In a moment the young man was by her side. He reached down and took her small, attenuated hand in his. He clasped that hand in his own sturdy palm now hardened and broken by honest toil.

The girl gave one startled glance at him, and half-springing to her feet with a wild, almost unmeaning love-light in her eyes, she murmured just loud enough for him to hear it:

"Heaven be praised! Clinton, dear Clinton! that we meet again! I know all!"

But the others in that bustling, busy mill noted not the incident, though it occurred right under their eyes.

And want, too—for she was now, not only an orphan, but almost penniless—had forced Alice Ray, the lumberman's daughter, into the mills.

And Providence had ordered this singular reunion between Alice Ray and Clinton Craig. It is needless for us to trace further their intimacy, which time, circumstance and God forced upon them.

Time sped on. Day by day young Craig grew in the favor of his employers. At last he was elevated to the lucrative position of book-keeper. The young man now ordered a light boat. In this he rowed himself and Alice down to the city; for they lived near Fairmount in an humble but neat boarding-house, together. Some of the most blissful moments of Clinton Craig's life were spent as he pulled his light skiff glibly over the glassy Schuykill to and from work.

Dr. Ashe knew of all this; he knew, too, that, at the time we tie our broken thread, Alice was affianced to his friend "Clint."

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

##### SHADOWS ON THE SCHUYLKILL.

The mellow moonlight of an autumn night glimmered down on the sleeping river, showering its silver radiance gloriously over the rippling waters, shimmering sadly through the leafless trees on the bank, while here and there in the dim, gray light, pale, spectral marbles marked Laurel Hill, the silent city of the dead.

The air was balmy, though crispy, for the sealed leaves had fallen, and frosts had whitened the earth.

Gently glided the light boat over the placid surface of the river, leaving scarcely a ripple behind it.

With long, slow strokes the man who had the oars drove the boat onward. It scarcely required an effort; for the current was with him, and the wind in his face light and fitful. In the stern-sheets of the small craft sat a maiden—her shoulders wrapped in a warm shawl.

The reader knows who were the occupants of that light skiff that glided so gently down the stream toward the noisy, bustling city in the distance.

Clinton Craig was homeward bound; and Alice Ray, as was her custom, was with him. His and her work was over for the day.

Quietly, yet swiftly, the boat dropped down. Laurel Hill was now some distance behind them; the ice-houses on the shore, dim and unseemly in the gray gloom of the autumn night, were reached; and there ahead of them stretched the shadowy outline of Girard avenue bridge.

As they neared this lofty structure Clinton Craig edged the boat off to the middle of the river.

"Where are you going, Clinton?" asked the girl in a low, sweet voice, as she looked up in some surprise.

"Through the second arch, where there are no rocks, darling," was the answer. "The river is so low that there is danger near the shore."

He continued to urge the boat toward the middle of the stream.

"No, no, Clinton; please go the old way," said Alice, half-appealingly; "it is more like our custom; and, darling, I love to hear the waters roar and splash against the rocks. I'll strike deep, the cold barrel of a pistol was pressed to his temple, and the cracking of a trigger echoed on his ear.

"Hold, Algernon Floyd! or, by the heavens above us, you are a dead man!" hissed the amazons, as she pushed her vantage-ground.

Slowly the man recoiled; he flung his knife upon the table.

"There! there! Moll!" he muttered, in a half-whining tone; "we'll come to terms. Put up your pistol and sit down."

"For once, captain, you are wise! We will come to terms; but, hark you, my pretty fellow, I'll dictate those terms!"

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At once the dismisered young man set about getting employment; he was determined to let no time pass idly on his hands. At first he was disheartened; still he looked for work. And at length, Clinton Craig, lately heir-expectant to a princely fortune, was engaged as a common workman in a cotton mill at the Falls; and his meagre wages amounted to six dollars per week. Yet that pittance made him happy, for it gave him independence.

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And want, too—for she was now, not only an orphan, but almost penniless—had forced Alice Ray, the lumberman's daughter, into the mills.

And Providence had ordered this singular reunion between Alice Ray and Clinton Craig. It is needless for us to trace further their intimacy, which time, circumstance and God forced upon them.

Time sped on. Day by day young Craig grew in the favor of his employers. At last he was elevated to the lucrative position of book-keeper. The young man now ordered a light boat. In this he rowed himself and Alice down to the city; for they lived near Fairmount in an humble but neat boarding-house, together. Some of the most blissful moments of Clinton Craig's life were spent as he pulled his light skiff glibly over the glassy Schuykill to and from work.

Dr. Ashe knew of all this; he knew, too, that, at the time we tie our broken thread, Alice was affianced to his friend "Clint."

He continued to urge the boat toward the middle of the stream.

"No, no, Clinton; please go the old way," said Alice, half-appealingly; "it is more like our custom; and, darling, I love to hear the waters roar and splash against the rocks. I'll strike deep, the cold barrel of a pistol was pressed to his temple, and the cracking of a trigger echoed on his ear.

"Hold, Algernon Floyd! or, by the heavens above us, you are a dead man!" hissed the amazons, as she pushed her vantage-ground.

Slowly the man recoiled; he flung his knife upon the table.

"There! there! Moll!" he muttered, in a half-whining tone; "we'll come to terms. Put up your pistol and sit down."

"For once, captain, you are wise! We will come to terms; but, hark you, my pretty fellow, I'll dictate those terms!"

Just then there was a slight shake of the bolt of the door opening into the front sitting room.

Algernon Floyd and his singular visitor both turned; but they saw nothing. They saw naught of the white, scared face, the disheveled tresses, the wild, staring eyes of Minerva, who fled away, sickened and terror-stricken, in the darkness of the room.

The interview between Algernon Floyd and old Moll lasted more than two hours; and when, at last, the woman left, she carried away a bag of gold, while, in her right hand, she clutched a roll of crisp notes.

Yes! Minerva, the rich man's wife, had noted the comings and goings of this old woman, and of the stout, square-built man. The young wife knew that there was a secret, terrible perhaps, which had been kept from her. She felt that this woman and this man held over her dark-bearded husband an unknown, but a fearful power.

We must hasten.

Jem Walton and Bloody Moll often held long midnight conferences together in the little house on the river. On several occasions a swarthy negro of gigantic stature was present at these conferences; and he answered to the name of Ben.

As the reader knows, Clinton Craig, in a single day, had been cast forth into the world, and thrown upon his own resources. He was penniless and almost friendless. Dr. Ashe was true to him; he loved him now—sympathized with him more than ever. The young physician had placed his purse at his friend's disposal; but Clinton Craig did not touch it.

At once the dismisered young man set about getting employment; he was determined to let no time pass idly on his hands. At first he was disheartened; still he looked for work. And at length, Clinton Craig, lately heir-expectant to a princely fortune, was engaged as a common workman in a cotton mill at the Falls; and his meagre wages amounted to six dollars per week. Yet that pittance made him happy, for it gave him independence.

One day in passing through an apartment in the thundering factory, Clinton paused as if struck by lightning. He started back and gasped for breath.

Seated before a buzzing loom, her thin, white face bending over the flying shuttle, was Alice Ray. In a moment the young man was by her side. He reached down and took her small, attenuated hand in his. He clasped that hand in his own sturdy palm now hardened and broken by honest toil.

The girl gave one startled glance at him, and half-springing to her feet with a wild, almost unmeaning love-light in her eyes, she murmured just loud enough for him to hear it:

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## PLUNKINS' SWEETHART.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Her eyes are finer than those  
To which the world will us,  
The brightness of their light is like  
The Aurora Borealis;  
And when she shuts them up it's night;  
They're blue than blue Monday,  
They are too fine for every day,  
And most too nice for Sunday.  
She's sweeter than a sugar store,  
She's white, there's no making it,  
And all the bread turns into cakes  
When she does the baking.  
She needs no sugar in her tea—  
She has such sweetening power;  
The very vinegar turns sweet,  
And lemons lose their sour.  
Her throat is graceful as two swans'—  
The best's a er infected,  
Her voice is only made to breathe  
The best of all, well scented,  
And common words we mortals use  
Ought never pass its portals;  
It was not made to feed upon  
The pork and beans of mortals.  
Her hair is like a chestnut horse,  
And bounces just like a pistol—  
It's lighter than a spool of thread,  
And lighter than a thistle.  
It hangs about in spiral curls,  
And tickles on her shoulders;  
It is too sweet to ever comb—  
And so I've often told her.  
Her cheeks, I think, are just as bright  
As a new half dozen or two  
As when you sit beside or two  
Than my own paper collar.  
Her loving heart is just as warm  
As a chinchilla Ulster,  
And just as tender and as soft  
As my head, or a bolster.  
Her hand's as delicate as her health,  
And, oh, I hold it dearly!  
As when you sit beside or two  
Just like my salary, yearly!  
Her name, indeed, I do not like—  
It's Vernon, mine, is Plunkin'—  
I could change her name to mine,  
Oh, wouldn't it be hunkin'?

## Yankee Boys in Ceylon:

OR,  
THE CRUISE OF THE FLYAWAY.

BY C. D. CLARK,

AUTHOR OF "IN THE WILDERNESS," "BOD  
AND RIFLE," "CAMP AND CANOE," ETC.

IX.—THE TIGER'S LEAP. ABENHUA'S LEGACY.

For three weeks they had glorious sport, and

grew fresher and stronger day by day.

But, as yet, they had not met the royal beast

of the eastern jungles, the tiger.

They had slain the elephant, the elk, the leopard, buffalo and deer without number; but as luck would have it, the tiger had not come in their way, and the boys were mourning because they had not had a chance to feel their bones crack under the jaws of the beautiful animal they sought, and the Charmer saw that they would not return to the schooner contented unless they had met the royal beast.

"You seek the tiger," he said, one day when they were talking of returning to the schooner. "I have warned you against the terror of the jungles of Ceylon, but you would not listen to me. So be it, then; I will show you the lair of the tiger."

The young hunters were delighted, and the next day was set down as the final hunt. They did not sleep much that night, and at early morning, taking no one with them except the Charmer, they followed him into the jungle. He crossed the river on a raft of logs and struck across through the forest. It was a beautiful day, one of the most beautiful they had yet seen in Ceylon. The forest teemed with life, the monkeys leaped and chattered in the branches, the birds of varied plumage flitted through the leaves. In one part they came upon a flock of those strange birds, the toucan, with beaks so much out of proportion with the rest of the body, and their brilliant plumage shining amid the leaves. Now and then a cobra or a cobra, aroused by their steps, glided out of sight among the grass, for the snake rarely attacks man unless there is no chance of escape. The deer, aroused from their harbor, started up at their approach, and went careering through the woods at their best speed. But not a trigger was drawn, for they had promised on that day not to waste lead upon any game less royal than the tiger.

The Charmer strode on in front. His brow was dark and lowering, and he spoke little. Thus he always was when about to hunt the tiger, for an old prophecy had said that by a tiger he must meet his fate at last. Like all his race, he was superstitious in the extreme, and believed in these old prophecies and visions. Yet he never shunned danger, and had willingly consented to lead them against the tiger even though he met his own fate.

Two hours passed, and the moody fit of the Charmer seemed to have infected the rest.

"See here, Abenhuia," said Sawyer, "if you don't like to go on this hunt, say so, and we will turn back."

"Abenhuia never turns back in the hour of danger," was the reply.

"Oh, I know that you are as brave as a lion, old fellow; but that is not it. You don't like to go on this hunt for some other reason."

"See," said the Hindoo. "What will be, will be. If I am to die to-day, I shall not have so long to wait before I enter into my rest. There is one thing which troubles me, and one only: when I am gone, who will be kind to my beautiful Rona?"

"See here, old fellow. You know me, don't you? I give you my word that if anything happens to you I will look at Rona at my own sister, and guard her as carefully. You may trust me."

"I do," replied the Charmer. "Then let fate do its worst, since Rona has a guardian so brave and true."

They climbed a rugged ridge which led up among the foothills. The country was so like California that Richard could almost imagine himself again among the foothills of the Sierras. At last they came to a circular platform, hemmed in on every side by mountain peaks—such a scene as the boys had often seen in their own land in other days. The Charmer took a bow from his back, and ordering them to halt, went away into the surrounding woods. He was not gone long when he was heard approaching, carrying in his arms a mountain kid, which he had disabled, but not killed. He drove a stake into the ground and made the kid fast, and then the party drew back and sought places of shelter among the rocks. The kid at first endeavored to escape, but finding itself tied, began to struggle and bleat mournfully. The peculiar wail sounded through the forest and mountains, and a peculiar smile passed over the face of the Hindoo.

"He will hear it, the great king of the woods," he said. "He will say: 'There is food for me and for my mate; let us go and take it.' He will come, and you will know what it is to fight with the royal tiger."

Half an hour passed, and nothing was heard. The boys were getting impatient, as the waiting of the kid seemed to bear no fruit. Sud-

denly a rustling sound was heard, and the kid redoubled his efforts to escape, and a warning whisper from the Charmer made them grasp their weapons, and throw them forward, ready for work.

"Oh, look, look!" he whispered.

A gigantic black and yellow form came suddenly into view on the right-hand side of the opening, coming up the ridge. The long, graceful body, the black and yellow stripes, the beautiful head and changing eyes, could belong to only one animal on earth, and that was the royal tiger. It was quickly followed by another, nearly as large, his mate, and more ferocious-looking by far. They lay side by side, motionless, if we except the long tails, which waved slowly from side to side, while their gleaming eyes were fixed upon the struggling kid, which had already seen its terrible enemies as they crouched upon the earth. Then they began to glide slowly toward him, drawing themselves along the earth as the cat creeps toward the mouse. The boys waited, in eager expectation, ready to pour their fire into the fearful beasts, when the Charmer should give the word. Of one thing they were well assured: if they did not kill the tigers, the tigers would kill them.

"Just look at them," hissed Ned. "My eye! I never dreamed that any tiger ever grew as large as that."

"Be quiet," replied the Charmer. "They will hear you, and if they do we shall not get a good shot."

The animals had now come so near that they could see that the kid was fast, and could not get away. It was evident that this puzzled them, and they did not know what to do about it. The kid, literally abject in its terror, had fallen trembling to the earth, and was moaning feebly. The boys were in a fever to fire and save the kid, but the Charmer restrained them.

Nearer and nearer crept the tigers, and the body of the male rose suddenly into the air, launched straight at the kid, which was literally covered by the heavy body as it came down. But now, to the surprise of all, a new actor appeared upon the scene. A goat, stamping furiously, rushed out of the cover of the rocks, called by the plaintive moans of her kid, and rushed upon the terrible enemy. Incredible as it may seem, this timid beast assailed the destroyer of her young. It was the self-sacrifice of the mother, whether a brute or a human being, ready to save her young at any hazard.

The tiger looked up with a snarl, lifted his huge paws, and the mother lay dead beside her young.

The tigress crept up beside her mate and fastened her teeth in the body of the kid, sucking the blood contentedly. As they lay, they offered a fair mark to the aim of the hunters, and five rifles were brought to bear, two upon the tigress and three upon her mate. All aimed at the same spot, just behind the fore-shoulder.

There was not a really bad marksman in the party, and it is no wonder that every shot at that distance told roundly upon the hides of these forest bandits. The Charmer and Richard were the two who fired at the tigress, and both had passed completely through the heart of the huge beast. The long fore-legs were stretched out convulsively, she gave a leap into the air, and fell like a log upon the earth.

The male had not fared so badly. As luck would have it, he lay in a place where a slight rise in the earth shielded him, and this rise, unknown to any of them, was a solid rock scarcely an inch below the grass. Those balls which were aimed so as to cut through the top of this hillock glanced from the rock and flew over the huge beast, and the others just cut the skin upon his back without doing more than enraged him. Scarcely had the tigress fallen before the deadly aim of Richard and the Charmer, when they saw the body of the monster in the air, as he came at them with great leaps, eager to avenge the death of his mate. Will, who was out of conceit with the Winchester, had this day taken out his double-barreled rifle, and had but a single shot, as had the captain. The others, using breech-loaders, were working to load as rapidly as possible, but they had not much time.

The elephant-gun roared once and Will sent a ball at the brute brute, but it is not easy to hit a tiger on the leap, and only one of the bullets touched him, but did not check his course in the least. Richard pressed down a cap and brought up his rifle as the tiger alighted within ten feet of him, aiming between the glaring eyes.

The instinct of the born hunter told him that his aim was true, and his finger touched the trigger. But only the click of the falling hammer was heard, and the cap did not explode. The body of the animal again rose into the air, and Richard Wade whipped out his knife, when, to the amazement of all, the Charmer leaped up and grappled with the tiger in the air.

One brown hand was clinched in the loose skin upon the animal's throat, and the other held his knife, which, even as they fell to the earth together, he drove to the hilt in the body of the tiger. A more gallant deed, a nobler act of self-sacrifice, never was done by mortal man. It was done so quickly, too, that the two were on the earth together, rolling over and over, before they had time to think. Then Ned sprung in with his rifle, which was now loaded, but he dared not fire, fearing to hit the Charmer, for the head of the tiger was close to his breast, and his strong white teeth fastened in the naked shoulder, a sickening sight. Sawyer and Richard rushed in with lifted knives, and the steel clashed together in the heart of the monster, which, with a last effort of expiring strength, wrenched himself free from the grasp of the Charmer, and actually tore the knives from the hands of the two Americans. But, as he gathered himself for another spring, Ned shot him through the head, and the tawny beast rolled over, dead, before they could strike again. The Charmer started up, covered with blood from head to foot.

"We have won," he cried. "Abenhuia has again saved the life of the young American."

"I will repay you, if such a thing can be done," cried Richard.

"Give me your hand," replied the Hindoo.

"Say that Abenhuia has been a true friend."

"None better or more true in all the world," replied Richard, grasping his hand.

"I am paid," said the Charmer, feebly. He would have fallen, but Richard threw his strong arm about him and held him up.

"Lay me down," he gasped. "Why should we struggle against fate? The prophecy said that Abenhuia would die by the tiger, and the prophet did not lie. The Snake-Charmer is sped."

"No, no; do not say it. You may be badly hurt, but we will save you yet."

"You cannot save me. It is written that I shall die here, but before I go promise me that you will not leave my body a prey to the wild dogs and the jackal. Bury me deep, and heap stones above me, that I may rest in peace."

He asked for a piece of talipot leaf and a knife. Working quickly he wrote some words in his own language with the point of the knife, folded it up and gave it to Sawyer.

"Give it to Rona," he said. "You will take care of me when I am gone."

"I am here, Abenhuia," said Sawyer. "You know that I will not forsake you, living or dead."

"I have something to say to you. Do you love Rona, the pride of my heart and the light of my eyes?"

"Dearly, if she only loved me."

"Then listen: Rona loves you, and has loved you since the day she first saw you, when she was a little child. You were not of my faith, and while I lived I could not bear to part with her. Now my race is run, and I go to my fathers who have passed away. Dying, I leave her to you. Make her your wife; teach her the faith of your people. Bodhoo is only another name for the One God you worship, and you only travel by another road to the same place. Will you treat her tenderly and let her not forget her father, the wild Charmer of Ceylon?"

"God help me, and deal with me as I am true to her," replied Sawyer.

The dying man pressed his hand, and a smile passed over his face. A moment more and Dave Sawyer laid the body of a dead man tenderly upon the earth. The great heart of the Serpent-Charmer had ceased to beat. The boys had their way; they had found the tiger, and Abenhuia had met his doom.

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